



They say that there was a terrible demon of ice.

Once upon a time,

in a cave at the edge of the west



# 氷の魔物の物語

Donato's Tale  
Volume-Ending  
Never-Before-Published  
Story



in no time

it seems the place  
has become  
a wreck...

(has this  
whole  
house  
become  
a mess?)

I've been living  
in my old house  
with Blood for a  
week now, and



"a present,"  
he calls it

and yet he  
always drinks  
them by  
himself.

"Yeah,  
a present."

The sake  
bottles  
have  
multiplied  
the most

What with  
the clothes  
and the  
what-ever  
and the  
little stuff...



"... What's  
with this  
book?"

Ah,

this is no  
place for  
books

somehow he  
goes and  
buys them  
when I'm not  
looking...



へんなえづら

weird picture-face



Haven't you ever read one?

Ask a book

It's a picture book, but...



In the end, later on, he must've read all the books on their shelf.

but the two answers? that is not right?

but weren't they answered? it was, but what about?

Oh, I get it.

he doesn't know what a picture book is..?

I want both of them. it really wasn't that easy?

but somehow, I feel like something's missing...

what could it be...

Ask

he keeps leaving things around

well, that's good enough

This sort of thing kinda gives the place a lived-in feeling.

that's all

flower



"I hastily  
received the  
bath before you"

page  
45

episode 1



And no, something *did* go by there  
It seems he's starting to like

ホナ

ホナ



Tomorrow,  
I'll go the  
flower shop  
or some-  
thing.

Yeah

I'll decor-  
ate the  
place with  
flowers or  
something

What were  
you staring  
into space  
for?

Oh? I do  
not stare  
into  
space—

oh?

I was  
thinking  
about  
flowers...

thinking  
i'd like  
to decorate...



It's the same  
impression  
as when you  
give a present

違うのでは？

It's the same  
impression  
as when you  
give a present  
to a girl



Eh?

Flower?

Decorated?

What for?

Just a new  
flower?

Ah!

Sometimes, like this,  
you can tell he's starting to shift  
into his role.

There  
were  
other  
times  
when  
he  
was  
a  
little  
more  
serious...?

How many times  
have I told you  
to get in the habit  
of drying your  
head properly!

Eh?

I'm not  
gonna  
catch —

Eh?

You've come  
out with your  
head soaking  
wet again...

You could  
catch a  
cold —

Look, sit down!



I might  
brighten  
up the place  
with flowers,  
but...

yeah.  
I was  
sorta  
thinking

ah,

...What were  
you saying  
about flowers?

hmm

?

hmm

hmm

Then,  
tomorrow

shall  
we go?  
to the  
flower  
shop

now it's  
beginning  
to open  
up

just  
like  
a flower

the  
end

no  
more  
and

yeah,  
sure

okay  
by  
me